

Black Maiden

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Summary: "A new servant joins the Phantomhive household, A new request from the Queen, A new serial killer on the loose, A new adventure begins!" Sera, a half-dead woman that suddenly appeared in the front porch of the manor, shocked Ciel and Sebastian as they uncover all the secrets she kept and the hidden past she had not knowing what they had set in motion.(Updates Every Other Saturday)

Black Maiden

AN:

~•= Words spoken aloud

~•= Thoughts

•~•= emphasized words

****Prologue****

That Maiden, Fugitive****

*Huff Huff*

The loud breathing of a wounded woman was heard amidst the busy streets of London. She was running across the streets, dodging carriages and people who gave her weird horrified stares. She stopped when a wave of dizziness hit her. Probably coming from the poisoned daggers that are still halfway embedded in her back.

~There she is! ~•

A chorus of shouts echoed along with the sound of hundreds of footsteps hitting the wet cold road of the streets.

When she heard the shout, she stiffened and after a moment, she began running as fast as her wounded legs can go.

“You Bitch!”

Another shout rang out. Only, the shout was said by one man filled with anger and resentment. Edgar Astroth, the leader of the slave traders, also known as the man who made 2 decades of her life hell.

“I swear when we catch up, you will wish you were dead!”

Hearing the click of the gun, she pushed herself over her limit and sped up at the same time going zigzags to avoid being shot.

“Why aren't they tired?”

She asked herself in wonder while panting.

They've been pursuing her ever since the sun has set and now, it's completely dark. No stars twinkling above the sky making the sky look empty except for the glaring light of the full moon.

She felt her clothes, or whatever you call a piece of cloth wrapped around her, starting to stick to her skin. Distracted by it, she looked down momentarily to see her white clothes turned blackish red.

“Shit, the blood is pouring like a broken dam.”

She cursed again and again while maneuvering around the dark alleys of London until she entered the forest line.

She stopped and hesitated for a moment.

The forest was filled with ruins of what looked like an old house and an ominous mist. Focusing on her sixth sense, she felt something odd.

A ‘demonic’ presence lingered in the air. Her wonder was cut short when she heard a shout,

“There!”

The shouts of the men pursuing her now became louder as they grow nearer.

Torn between the choices of starvation and slavery over entering a spooky forest, the latter seemed more appealing. So, she continued on, running in the direction of the forest.

The rustling of leaves are the only sounds heard as she ran. After a few kilometers, her legs began to become numb and gave out.

“Ouff! Ah, fuck.”

She huffed.

Leaning on a tree, she examined her wounds.

4 gunshot wounds bleeding heavily in the left shoulder, right knee, and on both forearms.

2 slashes from the knife; on the back of her thigh and the whole of her abdomen.

3 poisoned daggers still stuck on her back.

1 arrow still stuck on her right thigh.

Left ankle is twisted.

Right shoulder is dislocated.

She sighed at her injuries.

“I'm a mess.”

She thought. Waiting to get the feeling back to her legs, she started tending to her wounds, or whatever can be done for the time being.

She snapped her right shoulder back in place. Then, she took out the arrow from her thigh. After disposing of the arrow, she reached back and pulled out the three poisoned daggers which made her clench her teeth from the pain. The poison probably went out of her system seeing how her blood is gushing out.

She heard some rustling by the distance and her body stiffened again. This time, some of the pain faded into the background and she only focused on surviving. As soon as another rustle was heard, she pushed herself off the tree and began to run as fast as her battered body can.

Seconds turned to minutes.

Minutes turned to hours.

She only focused in running away.

To survive.

After for what seemed like an eternity, she sees something in the horizon. She ran to it with all her might until her blurry vision can make out a figure of a tall gate.

She ran and ran until the gate was an arm's reach until,

Shwip

An arrow buzzed through her, just enough to miss her cheek by a hair's breadth.

“Shit!”

She smelled the air and the humidity told her that rain will be pouring down in a minute or so.

Plip...Plup...

Moments passed before she heard the sound of the first drops of rain. Until,

Shaaaaaaa

The rain poured heavily, soaking everything in the forest as well as herself.

~Perfect.~

She muttered under her breath. Climbing the gate will take her more time since the rain made it slippery but at least the unnecessary noises that she'll make will be cloaked by the pouring rain making her less likely to be found.

~Unghh! ~

She tried grabbing on the gate and pushing herself up but her hands just slid down. She tried it again and again for a numerous amount of times until finally she strengthened her grip and was able to get on top of the gate. But as she was about to go down, she heard a shout.

~Hey! ~

Out of curiosity, she looked at the direction of where the voice came.

Bang

The rain was unable to muffle the deafening sound of the gunshot and that was the only warning she had before she let herself fall to the ground. Her body landing in an awful way.

Ngh

She sucked in a breath and waited until the sharp pain dissipated.

She wasn't shot and she had to thank her speed for that. However, the pain from being shot and the pain from falling was practically the same.

She looked behind her and saw the men looking at the ground. They were slowly backing away and with one last nasty look thrown at her, they ran.

Edgar left behind and stared at her hard.

~I'll remember this!~

With that, looked down, slowly backed away and ran.

She was unsure whether they truly left or not, so she decided not to take any chances. She staggered to stand up and tried running but she's losing blood fast. So with the last of her will, she limped to what looked like a fountain and leaned on it.

Her vision is getting blurry and shaky. She felt herself getting

dizzier and dizzier and her eyelids became unbearably heavy. She splashed her face with the water from the fountain to wake her up.

“I can't pass out now! I have to escape. They must've retreated because they found a faster way to enter. I have to get out of here before the others find me.”

She crawled upwards the stairs, using her fingers to pull herself up. Blood was gushing over the stairs but it was being washed away by the rain.

Like a red cape that trailed over her weakened state, the sight of her crawling for her life is surely able to make them laugh.

“Wouldn't you love that? A red bloody cape just like what the royalty wears. Only, it will be made by your filthy blood.”

A voice sneered.

Startled by the noise, she looked left to right until she found a silhouette of a familiar looking woman.

“That voice.”

She knew where it came from. No, from who it came from.

As she casted her heavy eyes on her, it triggered the memories of her youth, along with the disgusting memories of a woman clad with royal garments.

“S-stop! Stop! Stop! No more!”

“It truly suits you. After all, you are”

She covered her ears, not wanting to hear the rest. She felt her eyes burning from the emotions burning in her but the cold raindrops eased the heat.

“Past no more. forget. Stairs. Climb.”

She forced herself to go back to reality. Those were just illusions; hallucinations. There is no way she could be here.

Feeling better, she focused on the task at hand.

One last step.

She reached out her trembling fingers, some of the nails bloody while some gone. But before she can touch it, her body refused to move and her vision became black.

The last thing she heard was a terrified and surprised squeal before her consciousness left her completely.

End
file.